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"OUR HOME, OUR COUNTRY, AND OUR BROTHER MAN."

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No. 21.

Maine Farmer.

Come let us spray the apple tree to make it
fungus-free free,
For as we live their muskets took and fought
till slavery's tempest shook.
So we must stand up and-day and bring our
guns into play,
Let's see our graves securely dug, ere we sur-
render to a lung!
Feeble, pruned, in nutshell show, the
tree of how good apples grew.
—Rural New Yorker.

The Breeders' Gazette says that if the
wool grower would attack the dogs with
the same zeal that he engages in tariff
discussion, there would few dogs escape
"to tell the tale."

The best preventive of lice on cattle
is good feed. It is rare indeed that these
vermin are found on cattle of any kind
that are thrifty and fat, and are kept in
that condition.

Canton farmers are doing an increasing
business in supplying cream to the
Livermore factory. As they enlarge
their dairy work they realize more the
profits of it. The Livermore factory is
in charge of Mr. S. H. Deane, and is do-
ing as good work as any factory in the
State. Its business is extending.

A bill has been introduced in the New
York legislature providing for the estab-
lishment of another State experiment
station to be located on Long Island.
The State already has the government
station at Cornell, and the State station
at Geneva with an appropriation of
\$20,000.

The Canadian Agricultural College
Dairy school at Guelph, Ont., has fifty
students in attendance, all that can be
accommodated, and with many more
knocking for admission. In the class
are four young ladies taking the course.
Lectures are given each morning for an
hour.

Canton Grange, Oxford county, is in a
flourishing condition and doing good work
for its members. It now numbers about
120. This membership is quite scatter-
ed, yet the attendance is generally
good and the meetings of interest. It
was the pleasure of the editor of the
Farmer to meet with them at their reg-
ular meeting on Saturday last, and ad-
dress them on the subject of "Fodders
and Feeding." A deep interest was
manifested in the subject. In the fore-
noon instruction in the third and fourth
degrees was given to three candidates,
after which all hands sat down to a har-
vest feast. Applications were accepted
from several other candidates. The
Grange owns a hall, and has a goodly
sum of money in their treasury to be do-
rated to improving and furnishing it.
May they prosper in their efforts. Bro.
W. W. Rose is Master.

THE STATE AGRICULTURAL REPORTS.

It appears that the legislature, through
the action of its Finance Committee, has
restricted the size of the annual report
of "Agriculture of Maine," to 500 pages;
and for this year has reduced the edition
to be issued by 2000 copies, limiting it
to 10,000 copies, where before the number
was 12,000.

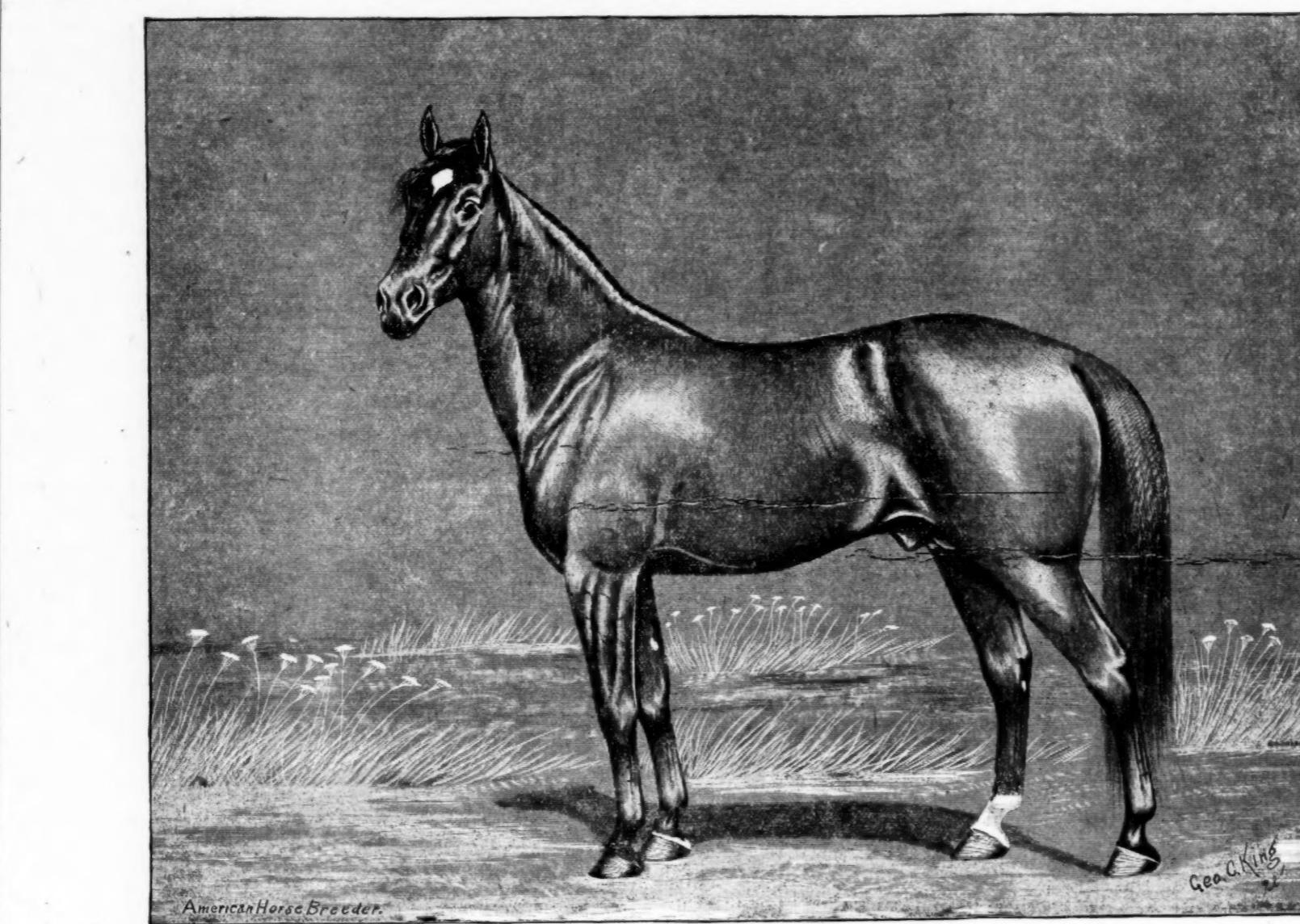
Of course economy in state expendi-
tures should be commended, but just
as the agricultural department should
be the chief thing to feel the scalping
knife does not readily appear. True, a
volume of five hundred pages with the
matter rigidly selected and scrupulously
condensed and edited by competent
hands, could be made to cover much
ground, and ought and may be arranged
to give a fair résumé of the work of the
victims.

The Rural New-Yorker represents
these schemes and the methods through
which they are brought about so neatly
and so correctly in its editorial columns
that we copy the same for the benefit of
the readers of the Farmer.

"This firm sends a representa-
tive to a farming community where
there is no creamery. By se-
curing the co-operation of one or two
prominent farmers, the glib-tongued
aducer induces a number of the farmers
to subscribe for stock in a creamery.
The whole thing is painted in glowing
colors and, in spite of any conservative
appeal to common-sense that may be
made, the agency usually succeeds in
getting the farmers to build a creamery
about twice as large as the community
can well support. The firm then re-
ceives well satisfied with a profit large
enough to pay good wages to the "promi-
nent farmers" who helped boom the
scheme. The farmers start up with
their creamery, run it for perhaps six
months on half the quantity of milk
needed and then figure up and find they
are running behind all the time. Why?
They paid nearly twice as much for the
outfit as they ought to, they built too
big a plant to begin with, and there are
certainly every pound would be wanted
to put in inferior goods and fixities.

But the law represents the scope of
the work, and after directing what it
shall be, to then turn and prescribe its
limit, is a contradiction uncalled for on
any other ground than that this particu-
lar department calls for special attention
in this regard.

Four years ago at the general demand
of all interested in the promotion of ag-
riculture in our State, the report of "Ag-
riculture of Maine" was fixed at 12,000.
Such had been the increased call for this
from the agriculturists of the State.
From year to year that this increase
became a necessity, and even with the
larger number, the demand could not be
met and the call from the people was for
more than could be furnished. Now,
ignoring the statute enactment of four
years ago, and without even submitting
the question to a public hearing of those
directly interested, and without a re-
quest for such action from any source,
the edition of this report is cut down
two thousand copies. In the interest of
the agriculture of the State we claim
this action uncalled for, unjust, and op-
posed to the advancement of the agri-
cultural interests of our State. In what-
ever way we may as a State be called on
to exercise economy we cannot afford to
take any steps to interfere with or in
any manner lay an obstacle in the way
of the progress of our agriculture.



American Horse Breeder.

WESTLAND.

HANDS OFF!

Our Scarboro correspondent a few
weeks ago referred to a piece of jobbery
that was put up on the farmers in the
creamery line in an unnamed locality in
our State and by parties out of the
State dealing in creamery supplies, &c.

FARMERS' INSTITUTES.

A farmers' institute will be held in
Grange Hall, Foxcroft, on Tuesday,
April 4, 1893.

PROGRAMME.

Address of Welcome, by Hon. Thomas Daggett
of Foxcroft.

10:00 A. M. "Cultivation and Care of the
Sweet Corn Crop, and Preservation of St.
Albans," followed by discussion.

AFTERNOON.

1:30 P. M. "Commercial Fertilizers," by W.
B. Kendall of Bowdoinham, followed by L.
O. Winslow upon the subject of dairying.

All are cordially invited to attend this
meeting, participate in the discussions
and question the speakers.

B. WALKER MCKEEEN, Sec'y.

A. W. GILMAN, Member.

A farmers' institute will be held in
Grange Hall, Wales, on Thursday, April
6th, 1893.

PROGRAMME.

10:00 A. M. "The Sweet Corn Crop and Its
Cultivation," by Prof. Walter McKeen, Sec'y
of the Board, followed by discussion.

AFTERNOON.

1:30 P. M. "Dairying a Business for Maine
Farmers," by Prof. Walter McKeen, Sec'y.

Evening.

1:30 P. M. "General Principles of Fertiliza-
tion," by Prof. Walter McKeen.

The Official Price Current of the Pro-
duce Exchange of Baltimore City, is
issued on March 2d, has this to say in
regard to the price of butter:

"Another week has passed and still no
change for the better has taken place in
the butter market; in fact, prices are a
shade easier than they were a week ago,
and the demand has not improved to any
appreciable extent, although at times
there has seemed to be more business
doing. If the stocks and receipts of butter
available for trade could be relied upon
as a basis of argument, it would appear
that a positive scarcity of butter
exists. The market is, however, still
certainly every pound would be wanted
to fit the market for testing. The milk
will be used and explained during
the day, as opportunity offers. All are
cordially invited to attend the meeting,
Come prepared to question the speakers
and participate in the discussion.

B. WALKER MCKEEEN, Sec'y.

B. F. BRIGGS, Member.

BUTTER FACTORY—QUERY.

In the Maine Farmer of March 16th,

1893, first page, first and second column,

"Our Home Dairying," mention is made
of your factory. Would you please let
me know if you buy the cream from
farmers, and what you pay for it by the
pound or quart, and how the factory is
run, and oblige. Yours truly,

JAMES S. McGIVERN.

Bridgetown, Nova Scotia.

The cream from our dairy is turned
over to the Turner Center butter factory.

This factory is strictly cooperative.

If the farmers of any community want a
creamery let them go to work and build
one at cost. If they are not posted in
full as to what they want they can get
the information they are in need of from
men thoroughly informed in the busi-
ness here in the State where the work is
to be carried on. And for their outfit
they can buy as well from dealers in our
own State whose advertisements are

MACHINE FOR BROADCASTING FERTILIZERS.

While commercial fertilizers have more
generally been used in the drill for corn
and potatoes than in any other way, yet
there now are farmers who to some ex-
tent are applying them broadcast for
grain crops, and still more, as a seeding
down manure for the grass crop. There
are corn planters and potato planters
admirably adjusted for reliable and ac-
curate drilling of the fertilizers when
planting the corn and potatoes. The
inquiry comes now from several of the
readers of the Farmer for an implement
for broadcasting fertilizers, or for the
best machine for this purpose. Sowing
fertilizers by hand is at best dirty work
and always decidedly unpleasant. Any
machine as well adapted to this work as
is the corn planter attachment to its
work of drilling would find a ready sale
with the persons making this inquiry,
and moreover would have a tendency to
essentially increase the use of this method
of manuring for broadcast crops.

Will parties seeing this inquiry give
the Farmer the benefit of their experience
or of their knowledge of any of the
machines of the kind now in use?

EFFECT OF OLEOMARGARINE UPON THE PRICE OF BUTTER.

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men thoroughly informed in the busi-
ness here in the State where the work is
to be carried on. And for their outfit
they can buy as well from dealers in our
own State whose advertisements are

reasonable prejudice. The experiments
which have been carried on that are now
being carried on, and that will be carried
on, cannot fail to prove of incalculable
value to the agricultural interests of the
continent. Notwithstanding the valuable
work that has been done by way of
experiment it would be correct to say
that it has been altogether too much of
one character; that is to say, some inter-
ests have received far more attention
relatively than others. For instance, of
those which give the chemical analysis
of fertilizers and which treat of the
various phases of entomology is very
large indeed until quite recently. The
bulletins relating to the livestock interests
have been somewhat rare. This condition
of matters has been more than once
noticed in the editorial columns of The
Gazette, and in a way that evidenced
something of importance with the exist-
ing condition of things. But we must
not fault the chemists for showering
bulletins down upon us which contain
principally hard-tack in the form of
chemical analyses of fertilizers and
stuff.

Nor should we be impatient with the
entomologists because they give us
bulletins after bulletin on the way in
which insects live and die. This work is
of great value, but there are other topics
of equal interest.

There is a lack of attention to what
they have done.

It is the agricultural

contingent at the stations who are lag-
ging and to whom the goad and spur
should be applied.

And of the agriculturists those of us
who have in hand the work of experim-
enting with live stock require the
greatest care.

Nor should we be impatient with the
farmers who have to know how to
creep timorously along the treacherous
shore of live stock experiment; we must
grow more confident and launch out fur-
ther into the deep and sound its hidden
depths. The work is overwhelmingly
important. The live stock interest is
the great lion among the agricultural
interests. It must receive the greatest
attention. And so it will when
greater facilities have been provided
for experimenting and greater sums
are furnished for carrying on the experi-
ments.

The character of the experiments
should receive careful attention. We
have not reached the stage yet when we
may spend much time in studying the
question of the effect of certain foods on
the development of hair, considered in
itself. We want to know first the effect
of such foods on the development of
muscle. Our farmers want to know how
to rear cattle, sheep, swine, horses and
other animals to the best form under
varying conditions and to handle them in
such a way they will give the largest returns
for the outlay. We should try and tell
them these things, and in a language
which they can understand. We are
much prone to forget that a farmer may
understand perfectly what is meant by
certain proportions by weight of a feeding
ration composed of oats, pease and bran,
when to talk of these things simply as
forming a nutritive ratio of a certain
kind would be to him in many instances
unintelligible. And yet we
are prone to believe that the use of
these terms is the necessary indication
of the inspiration which evidences
competency for the work in hand.

A great work lies before those

who teach subjects relating to live stock
and experiment with the same. This

field is the Oklahoma wherein but few

landmarks have been set up. Young
men of the agricultural colleges, have
observed this: This wilderness must
be subdued. How much will be done
by your hands? The undiscovered is
certainly every pound would be wanted
to fit the market for testing. The
whole establishment is filled with occu-
pations belonging to one or other of the
different classes of live stock. We exper-
imented last year with several scores of
animals, and notwithstanding, we are
conscious, painfully conscious, that we
are scarcely on the threshold of exper-
imentation as it ought to be carried on. There
are experiments almost without number
that we would like to engage in with our
accommodations, which are by many
considered relatively ample, we can only
engage in a limited number of experiments
at a time. The entomologist can
keep representatives of a hundred
families in one little tenement house
with many apartments, without seriously
encroaching upon the space of his
own workshop. Second, live stock exper-
iments are expensive. Imagine the labor of
weighing the different food factors
for half a dozen or a dozen animals
for one year, or two years, or even for a
longer period. The entomologist can
feed a hundred bugs without much cost.
Because of this labor in feeding and car-
ing for animals under experiment, the
work must be cautious and slow. The
experiments will be drained more
than dry. Third, we have too much fear
of criticism. The entomologist is con-
scious that his work is lifted out of the
plane of the criticism of the ordinary
farmer. Right or wrong, the farmer or

the entomologist will be blamed for his
work.

Before great progress can be made in
this field those engaged in the work
must have some measure of confidence
in their ability to do it whether other
men have the same confidence in them
or not. This is essential to success, but
I readily grant that it would be greatly
unfortunate if this confidence rested
upon a foundation of sand. They must
rise to the height of the necessities of
situation; otherwise the work should be
re

Maine Farmer

FAIRS TO OCUR.

Baldwin and Sabago Lake View Association—At East Baldwin, Sept. 19th, 20th and 21st.
Betone Agricultural Society—At Bethel, Sept. 19th, 20th and 21st.
Buxton and South Agricultural Society—At Buxton, Sept. 5th, 6th and 7th.
Cumberland Farmers' Club—August 23d, 23d and 24th.
Durham Agricultural Society—At Durham, Sept. 26th and 27th.
East Edington Farmers' Club—At East Edington, Sept. 25th and 26th.
Gray Park Association—At Gray, Aug. 29th, 30th and 31st.
Maine State Agricultural Society—At Lewiston, Sept. 5th, 6th, 7th and 8th.
North Cumberland Agricultural Society—At Orrington, Sept. 28th, 29th and 30th.
Oxford Valley Fair Association—At Cornish, Aug. 29th, 30th and 31st.
South Kennebec Agricultural Society—At South Vienna, Sept. 20th and 21st.
Sacadahoc Agricultural and Horticultural Society—At Topsham, Oct. 10th, 11th and 12th.
Scarboro and Cape Elizabeth Agricultural Club—At Scarboro, Sept. 19th, 20th and 21st.
Waldo County Agricultural Society—Sept. 26th and 27th.

[Will the Secretaries of other societies see it that we have the dates of their exhibitions as soon as they are fixed upon?]

CALNDAR OF COMING EVENTS.

April 5 and 6—Grand Lodge Maine Good Will—At Portland.
April 12—Maine Methodist Conference, Westbrook.
April 13—East Maine Methodist Conference, Machias.
April 26—Grand Division Sons of Temperance, Lewiston.
July 1—Races at the Augusta Park.
Aug. 16 and 17—Races at the Augusta Park.

BIRD NOTES FOR HORTICULTURISTS.

This was the title of a report sent in by Prof. Walter B. Barrows of the Department of Agriculture, at the recent meeting of the Western New York Horticultural Society at Rochester, as reported by the *Country Gentlemen*.

A large array of facts, he said, seems to be necessary. While, as a whole, birds are beneficial to the agriculturists, many a farmer and fruit grower has a strong feeling that he bears more than his share of the damage inflicted by birds, and receives less than the average of the benefit. Fruit-growers suffer a direct and definite loss each year from the attacks of birds, yet it is difficult if not impossible to demonstrate what returns, if any, are made to offset this loss. As a rule, however, the larger the area of any one cultivator, and the greater the variety of the crops grown, the smaller will be the relative loss, and the larger the direct compensation for the harm done.

As an example, Professor Barrows cited the case of a man who cultivates 100 acres, giving a fair proportion to vegetables, small fruits, orchards and vineyards, with some shade trees, shrubs and a little lawn or pasture. Ignoring the English sparrow, almost the only loss occasioned by birds will be in the loss of cherries, strawberries, raspberries and grapes, caused mainly or entirely by four or five species of birds, probably the robin, catbird, cedar bird (cherry bird), red-headed woodpecker, and Baltimore oriole. Purple finches (red linnets) may cause annoyance by nipping the flower buds of choice cherries and pears early in the spring. Orioles and grosbeaks may destroy some peaches, and perhaps the goldfinch or yellow bird will occasion some loss by eating and scattering the seeds of lettuce, turnip and cabbage; but these minor and irregular thefts are hardly worthy of notice.

Except in the cases of grapes, the harm will be done mainly during June and July, and nearly all the marauders will stay and feed on the same farm. Cedar birds are great rovers, and possibly may come from a distance. But no one of the species mentioned, even when adult, feeds exclusively on fruit, and the young get far less fruit than the old birds. At least two-fifths of the food of old and young consists of insects, even during June and July. Whatever the amount may be, it should go to the credit of the birds. In consideration of the small amount of harm, and the uncertainty of the amount of good, farmers and truckers should reasonably be asked to tolerate the birds. They are a kind of farm laborer who work for their board, and probably earn it, although, unfortunately, they insist on selecting their own food in a manner which is seldom economical, and often very annoying to the employer.

On a farm of similar size, given entirely to small fruit, including grapes, the losses are fully as great and the compensation less.

The marauders may do some good, incidentally, to the owner of the fruit, but the bulk fall to his neighbors who have less fruit and a greater variety of other crops, and more enticing nesting grounds than are found on a small fruit farm. Our native birds, as a whole, however, do more good than harm and it would be unwise to recommend the wholesale destruction of any.

Among birds which do not eat fruit and grain to any appreciable extent, Professor Barrows mentioned the warblers, chickadees, wrens, song sparrows, chipping sparrows, swallows, fly-catchers, cuckoos, smaller woodpeckers and others, most of which are distinctly beneficial. Some of the species added to fruit stealing, like the robin and cedar bird are injurious only during a few months, and actively beneficial during the remainder of the summer. Surely the fruit grower is the one who suffers most from bird depredation; yet most of the birds are too valuable to be killed, and the mode of shooting any of them would be both expensive and unlawful. The imported nuisance, the English sparrow, ought to be killed whenever it is possible. The most effective means are poisoning in cold weather, and the destruction of nests and eggs in summer.

To protect fruit from other fruit-eating birds, Professor Barrows mentioned three classes of treatment, viz: 1. The use of nets or similar devices surrounding the fruit—expensive but sure. 2. Frightening the birds away by scarecrows, or by the presence of boys, dogs, cats, etc. Scarecrows are usually ineffective, and the employment of men or boys on a large scale is expensive. 3. The use of a counter-attraction, such as a fruit which is satisfactory to the birds, but nearly worthless to the fruit-grower.

Nets are too expensive to be used on any but limited areas. Probably, however, a net with a very large mesh would be just as effective as one with a close mesh. It also seems probable that if

some white threads or strings were stretched across the field, rather close together, and another series stretched at right angles, the practical effect of a net would be gained. By using a cheap white twine and stretching it between temporary stakes set about the edges of the field, no doubt strawberries, raspberries and blackberries could be protected almost completely, and at a small cost. Whether the same method could be applied advantageously to cherry trees, would depend on their size and location.

Then the actual enemies of wild birds, as well as fugitives of them, may be utilized in scaring fruit-eaters away. A living hawk, confined only by a thong about the feet and placed conspicuously, will prevent absolutely the approach of birds over a wide territory. Even a stuffed hawk is perfectly effective for a day or two, and by shifting its position, or having several individuals of different sizes and kinds, the protection of a large area can be secured.

The typical fruit to be used as counterattraction should be a profuse bearer, remain a long time in season, be hardy enough to thrive anywhere without much care, and attractive enough at all times to compete in the birds' favor with fruits more valuable to the grower. Such a fruit, however, has not yet been found. Probably some form of Juneberry would serve to divert many birds from early fruit, and possibly some species of mulberry would keep up the attraction for a week or two longer. The wild cherry, planted freely along the roadsides and between fields, might prevent many thefts of grapes from neighboring vineyards, and the elder and viburnum would be useful as well as ornamental, if included more generally in hedges and shrubbery.

THE EAST VS. THE WEST.

Dr. T. H. Hoskins thus writes, in the *Vermon Watchman*, of the productive capacity of the soil in the West as compared with the East. Young men who entertain the idea that New England is only good enough to run away from, will do well to ponder the article:

"It is nothing unexpected, by men knowing both sides of the subject, that Western farmers should be having rather hard times. Nor is it surprising that they should have such crude ideas as many of them are possessed with, as to how the evils that surround them should be put aside. We have lived in the West long enough, and farmed there sufficiently to know that the agricultural conditions of the two sections are not one-half so different as they have been represented, and are supposed to be. There is a very large amount of good land in the East as there is in the West. Prairie land has as many drawbacks as much of our hilly woodlands. Western lands run out, and become unproductive under reckless, unintelligent handling, just as surely as Eastern farms.

Some who have not traveled will dispute what we say about the comparative goodness of Eastern farm lands. But the past and present are full of evidence of the productive value of the soils of even our oldest States of the Atlantic slope. There are no better soils anywhere in the West than the rich valleys of Virginia and Pennsylvania. The same is true of New York. As to the South, there is no better land, naturally, than the valley and upland farms of the tobacco and cotton States. And in New England, though the immediate seacoast is rather barren, even there good farms are to be found; and the sea supplies not only much food to the inhabitants, but much cheap manure.

But when we go back from the sea, and especially when we get away from the denuded areas where the icebergs of the ice age scraped the fine soil into the sea, and covered the surface with their stony drift, we find land which, though much of it is rocky and uneven, is unsurpassed in strength and adaptation to both pasture and tillage. It is true, even here, that bad farming has much reduced the condition of the farm lands; but skill easily restores them—so easily that land apparently quite worn out has been restored in a few years, by simple methods, to full productivity. The fact is, that even the most unintelligent and wasteful farming cannot permanently impair the quality of land that is naturally good. Such land is full of plant food. It is indeed made of plant food, though it requires some knowledge and skill to make that food accessible to the plants we desire to grow upon it.

These are significant figures and deserve the most careful attention as fat and protein are the elements in all foods that tend to the production of milk and butter.

Communications.

For the Maine Farmer.

AN AUGUSTA BOY IN A WHALER—II.

On the passage from Fayal to Cape Verde Islands the Captain flogged Seeley for shamming sick to get rid of doing duty. He had been lying in his berth in the forecastle for several days, pretending that he could not eat. One night one of the men saw him eating something; his bed was searched and a lot of bread and meat was found under the mattress. The Captain heard of it, and Seeley was brought on deck, not very tenderly for a sick man, stripped, tied up in the rigging, with his hands over his head just so his feet would barely touch the deck. The Captain asked him what he was not "soering" for. He said that he was not "soering," that he was sick; when the captain struck him, saying, with an oath, "There is one for being sick. What did you come to sea for?" "I came for my health." "There is one for your health." An oath followed every blow. He struck him about a dozen times. He was then let down. He told him if he had any more of those sick spells he would give him a double dose of that same kind of medicine; that he was a doctor and knew just what to prescribe in such cases. Seeley was able to sit up most of the time; after that the poor fellow had a hard time. He was not used to rough treatment, for he had been well cared for; his hands were soft and white as any woman's. He made a mistake when he slipped for a sailor.

After being at sea for some time, I don't know just how long, we sighted land. It proved to be one of the Cape Verdes, the island of Brava. We ran in close to the land and sent a boat ashore. The land never looked so good to me before. I would have gladly swapped my life on the ocean wave for a life on the dull, tame shore. When the boat returned we stood out to sea again. They brought off two small pigs, and some chickens and some fruit. The chickens and pigs went in the cabin as usual; we got some of the fruit, but we had to pay for it, for the old man didn't appear to think that we needed anything of that kind, but he did not object to us selling our clothes to get it, for he knew we would have to draw on the slop-chest, and that was what he wanted us to do.

In calm weather, the boats were launched to practice the crew in rowing, and going through all the manœuvres of

productive labor, they would all be as well off as—well, as our grubbing farmers, East and West.

FARMERS' INSTITUTE AT NORTH JAY.

A farmers' institute was held in Grange Hall, North Jay, Friday the 17th, under the direction of the Maine Board of Agriculture. T. B. Hunter, member of the board for Franklin county, presided. In the forenoon V. P. DeCoster, member from Oxford, gave an address on fruit culture. He claimed there was no better state for growing fruit than Maine; wanted home-grown trees; and by judicious trimming, cultivating, dressing, spraying, mulching, and eternal vigilance after the borer, one was sure to be on the high road to success.

The exercises in the afternoon were opened with an address by Miss Anna Barrows of the Boston School of Domestic Science, on the apple in cookery. Miss Barrows was master of her subject and imparted some useful knowledge in cookery, which was appreciated, especially by the ladies present.

This was followed by an address by S. Adams, president of the board from Sagadahoc county, on corn growing, silos, and ensilage. He claimed there was no need of a young man going west to raise corn; and proved beyond a doubt that corn fodder could be preserved in a silo and retain all the nutritive qualities it ever possessed. Discussion followed by S. H. Niles, R. W. Kyes, Josiah Adams, D. G. Bean and others.

In the evening a very instructive and interesting talk was given on dairying, by B. W. McKeen, Secretary of the board. He spoke largely from a practical knowledge of the business, and gave facts and figures to prove that dairying was one of the best (if not the best) branches of farming. Many questions were asked which were satisfactorily answered.

The attendance was fair, but if more farmers would avail themselves of the opportunity to attend farmers' institutes they would be better able to succeed in their occupation.

EXPERIMENTS IN FEEDING MILCH COWS.

The Orange county (N. Y.) *Farmer* says: Every year demonstrates the value of the experiments undertaken at the Massachusetts Agricultural Station at Amherst, under the direction of Prof. C. A. Goessmann. Their benefits are not confined to the farmers and dairy feeders of the Bay State, but extend to progressive agriculturists everywhere. In the ninth annual report (published 1892) some remarkable feeding experiments with milch cows are recorded, which, at the present time, are of more than ordinary interest.

The problem was to ascertain the comparative feeding values of Chicago gluten meal, cotton seed meal and old process linseed meal. It was shown that the Chicago product was fully equal and in most respects superior to linseed meal, while in nutritive effect it was decidedly superior to it, or very nearly the same as cotton seed meal. Of course with cotton seed meal as scarce and as high as it is at present, these facts assume a vast importance to those who keep cows for profit.

In this connection it may be interesting to cite the comparative feeding of corn meal and Chicago gluten meal, as shown by Dr. Goessmann's analysis. Corn meal contains of fat 4.84, and of protein 12.18, or a little over 243 lbs. to the ton. Chicago gluten meal contains of fat 9.22, and of protein 33.34, or a little over 1,100 lbs. to the ton.

These are significant figures and deserve the most careful attention as fat and protein are the elements in all foods that tend to the production of milk and butter.

Communications.

For the Maine Farmer.

A H. K. BAKER.

capturing a whale. One day we were out, and the captain told one of the Portuguese who was in the boat, something which he did not understand. That made him mad, and he struck him on the head with the boat bucket, cutting him very badly. When we returned to the ship, he and his Portuguese countrymen went into the forecastle and cried like two children.

The next land we saw were two uninhabited islands in the Indian Ocean, called St. Pauls and Amsterdam; here we stopped to fish. One of the boats went in near the shore and we let our lines down through the seaweed, which was very thick, and we hauled in the fish as fast as we wanted to, till we got all that we wanted. They were the finest fish that I ever saw. They were called sheepsheads and baracudas.

From them we sailed for New Zealand. On the passage the steward tried to end his life, which the captain had made so miserable for him by continual abuse, by jumping overboard, and we had to watch him.

We experienced our first severe gale off the coast of New Zealand. A big sea struck the ship, stove in the starboard gangway, took one of the boats off the davits, crippled the rudder, and came near swamping us. I was running by the captain, laughing, when he said, "What are you laughing at, you little fool? You will have your mouth full of sand before morning." This brought me to my senses, and I realized the danger we were in. We were obliged to put into Otago for a new rudder. The first thing that we saw on nearing the harbor was the light-house on Tiro's Head, a high bluff. The pilot came off to us in a small boat. The harbor is nearly landlocked, is quite large, and a good shelter. There was a small new settlement composed of Scotch and English people, on one side of the bay, and a village of native Maoris on the other side. Some of them came on board the ship. They were large, powerful men, and their tattooed faces made them look very fierce and warlike. I was told that the English Government had quite a hard job to subdue them. We went up the bay and cut a tree, floated it down to the English village, and made a rudder. The steward was with us in Otago for a new rudder. The first thing that we saw on nearing the harbor was the light-house on Tiro's Head, a high bluff. The pilot came off to us in a small boat. The harbor is nearly landlocked, is quite large, and a good shelter. There was a small new settlement composed of Scotch and English people, on one side of the bay, and a village of native Maoris on the other side. Some of them came on board the ship. They were large, powerful men, and their tattooed faces made them look very fierce and warlike. I was told that the English Government had quite a hard job to subdue them. We went up the bay and cut a tree, floated it down to the English village, and made a rudder. The steward was with us in Otago for a new rudder. 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Woman's Department.

CUSTARD PIES AND SWARMING BEES.

BY MRS. V. P. DE COSTER.

I needed one more egg to finish the custard pie. None in the egg box, so I grabbed my hat and ran into the barn, only glad of an excuse to get out of the heat. But I remembered it was the hen house. There were some nests in the hen house. That was before he built on the new one. Up the great ladder I climbed, and soon found a nest with four eggs in it. Then how was I to get them and bring them? Happy thought I put them in my pocket, then leaving both hands free for the ladder.

As I came up past the bee house I heard a buzzing sound, which I knew was a moment was swarming bees. They were a brown, circling mass in the air. During the year, as the bees had got too old to use, lay them aside for washing paint and windows. Put mattresses, springs, pillows, bolsters, and cushions, out to sun, while you go carefully over them with whatever bedding exterminator you have the most faith in. I think nitrate of silver, mixed with white of egg, is best, but it is dangerous to use where there are children, as they will fool with poisonous things. Look in every crack in the springs every corner of the mattress, pillows, and bolsters. Then examine the bedsteads, and the corners and crevices of the unoccupied places, where the screws and slats have been put, on each place nitrate of silver with a feather. Take up the carpet, and have it well shaken, and then freshen it with a stiff broom dipped in boiling hot water and borax. Wash the floor with a clean cloth, hot water and soap. Wash off the marble slabs and pictures. You can clean the frames with a mixture of turpentine and kerosene oil. If you have chromes, you can get them bright by dipping a soft old linen cloth in lukewarm water and rubbing the surface of the picture gently with it. Rub all the furniture with kerosene oil and turpentine.

You can now put down the carpet again, put up clean curtains, rehang the pictures, and replace the ornaments. Drape the mantelpiece gracefully with a summer lambrequin of pretty cheesecloth, and put up a clean splashier, and the room is done and off your mind.

You can return to your ordinary pursuits before sundown, and not feel overstrained.

After thoroughly cleaning up stairs, you will come to the ground floor, where the same rule, one room at a time, will enable you to "set your house in order, with more comfort and less temper, than if you tried to be too smart and do it all at once."

Young Folks' Column.

A "LOOKOUT" ON SHORE.

I wonder how many of our bright young readers who glance at the daily papers, and read, "Arrived—City of New York," know how this news reaches the press so many hours in advance of the arrival of the ship.

I had no very clear idea of it myself until, in the course of my wanderings last summer, I happened upon the one who handles the sailing to both sides of the Atlantic, while a vessel herself is scarcely more than a shadow upon the horizon.

Fire Island (a desolate strip of sand on the south shore of Long Island) appeared at first sight a most unpromising place, with its one old rambling hotel, its lighthouse and signal station; but like many another unexplored region, it afforded enough occupation to make a day pass very pleasantly. The lighthouse is the very first seen by our returning mariners. Another bit of interest is the well of diamonds, which is dug up yards of the ocean; and the fact that it is on an island makes it all the more curious.

The signal station is a building of pyramidal form firmly anchored by iron stays, with all kinds of odds and ends stuck to both sides of the Atlantic, while a vessel herself is scarcely more than a shadow upon the horizon.

The first appearance of a steamer (owning to the rotundity of the stem) I live on a farm. My father has four cows and two yoke of oxen, a pair of steers, two heifers and three horses. My sister has a shaggy cat. Its name is Bobby; it has no tail. I have a white, shaggy kitty; it has a black tail. We have 30 hens, nine sheep, one goat, and two dogs. One is old; his name is Lee. I have two nieces, their names are Jessie and Josie. My sister lives near by. I went to school two terms. One teacher is Lizzie Sprout, my other teacher's name is Hattie Burkett. My father takes the *Maine Farmer*. ERWIN J. MILLER.

Burkettville.

Dear Boys and Girls: I am a boy 14 years old. This is the second time I have written for the *Farmer*. I live on a farm of 160 acres. My father has four horses, nine head of cattle, two twin calves, 130 hens, three geese, two hogs, 21 sheep, 16 lambs, one dog and six pups. Our school finished the third of March. I study history, physiology, arithmetic, grammar, spelling and writing. I got my leg broken in the woods twisting a log, and I am in bed now writing this letter. I think the answer to C. D. McCready's riddle is noise.

FRANK S. PORTER.

I am a little boy 11 years old. I live on a farm. My father has four cows and two yoke of oxen, a pair of steers, two heifers and three horses. My sister has a shaggy cat. Its name is Bobby; it has no tail. I have a white, shaggy kitty; it has a black tail. We have 30 hens, nine sheep, one goat, and two dogs. One is old; his name is Lee. I have two nieces, their names are Jessie and Josie. My sister lives near by. I went to school two terms. One teacher is Lizzie Sprout, my other teacher's name is Hattie Burkett. My father takes the *Maine Farmer*. ERWIN J. MILLER.

Houston. — Frank S. PORTER.

I am a little girl 8 years old. My papa keeps store. I have two brothers. My youngest brother has seven pullets and an old hen and rooster. My pet is a coon cat. I go to school. I use the third reader, arithmetic and spelling.

PROSPECT FERRY. — EVELYN AVERY.

CHOICE MISCELLANY.

ELECTRICAL SCIENCE.

THE REMARKABLE PROGRESS OF RECENT YEARS.

THE PROGRESS OF SCIENTIFIC KNOWLEDGE.

Maine Farmer.

ESTABLISHED IN 1833.

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tions, and twenty-two cents for each subse-
quent insertion.

COLLECTORS' NOTICES.
Mr. C. S. AYER is now calling upon our sub-
scribers in Cumberland county.
Mr. J. W. KELLOGG is now calling upon our
subscribers in New Brunswick and Nova
Scotia.

The strawberry season is now at its
height—in Texas.

The State of Massachusetts still stands
to hanging, the legislature refusing to
substitute execution by chloroform.

It is said that Tremont Temple is the
fourth of Rev. Dr. Lorimer's churches to
burn. And he is a Baptist, too, believ-
ing in plenty of water.

Kennebunk's new paper, the *Electric
Flash*, Charles Haskell, proprietor, has
discontinued after two weeks' exper-
ience. It was rightly named.

The national meeting of the G. A.
W. will be held this year in Indianapolis,
and the City Council of that city has
generously voted \$75,000 to meet ex-
penses connected with the encampment.

It is estimated that over \$100,000,000
annually changes hands on horse races
in and about New York and Brooklyn,
and that the total for the whole country
amounts to fully \$500,000,000.

Women will play a very important
part in municipal elections all over Kan-
sas, April 4. Reports from different
cities show the registration which closed
Saturday night, remarkable for the heavy
registration of women.

Speaking upon the underpaid store
girl question, Rev. Madison C. Peters of
New York says that young women in the
best houses rarely exceed \$7, and that
the average is \$4 to \$4.50 per week,
while cash girls receive from \$1 to \$2.50
per week. And yet they are as rarely
dishonest as they are likely to become
rich.

Our old friend, Mr. C. H. Hayden,
writes us from Monarda: "I have been
a resident of Aroostook county since
1849, and this winter takes the cake for
the least amount of snow, and the best
winter for business of any I remember.
The ground is frozen very deep, and
now the fields and roads are nearly
bare, except in spots where the snow
formed drifts."

Miss Bessie Mitchell left Chicago on
the 22d inst., to verify a boat made by a
local railroad manager to some foreign
visitors that a lady could leave Chicago
for Portland, Or., thence to San Francis-
co, Cal., and El Paso, Tex., thence to the
City of Mexico, to the top of the hill of
Chapultepec, return to Laredo, Tex.,
thence to St. Louis, New York and Bos-
ton, and back to Chicago, without put-
ting her foot on the ground. The trip
is not designed to make quick time, but
to show the comfort, convenience and
safety of American railways.

Lieut. Peary, the Arctic explorer, has
chosen four members of the coming ex-
pedition to North Greenland. They are
Dr. F. A. Cook of New York, Samuel W.
Enrichin of Westchester, Penn., Eyvind
Astrup, now at Christians, Norway, and
Mathew Henson of Philadelphia. These
men, the lieutenant says, will form a
nucleus for the next party. All of them
have visited Greenland before. Three of them,
Cook, Astrup and Henson, accompanied
Peary's North Greenland expedition in 1881, while Enrichin was a member of the Peary relief expedi-
tion of last summer.

The vaults of the United States mint at
Philadelphia now hold the largest
amount of bar silver ever stored in one
place in the United States. If coined its
value would be over \$150,000,000. Al-
though the vaults are filled to overflow-
ing, bullion is being received from the
government at the rate of 3,800,000
ounces a month. Besides the bullion
there is sealed in the separate vaults
\$50,000,000 worth of coined silver. The
seal on the door has not been broken for
two years. All the available storage
space having been utilized, it has been
found necessary to have another steel
lined vault constructed for the sole pur-
pose of storing the bullion. With the
silver piled clear up to the ceiling this
new storage place will contain but 20,
000,000 ounces, and at the present rate
it will be filled in less than six months.
The construction of still another one of
these immense storage places for the
silver is an absolute necessity, should
the purchase of the white metal con-
tinue.

Ex-Governor Ebenezer J. Ormsbee of
Vermont, United States Land Com-
missioner for Samoa, arrived home Sat-
urday from that far away island of the
Pacific Ocean. He left on March 2d, on
a leave of absence of 60 days, and reached
San Francisco a week later. Governor
Ormsbee's route to the United States was
via Hawaii, the steamer on which he
was a passenger arriving at Honolulu
March 9th. He called upon United
States Minister Stevens during his brief
sojourn there. "During my stay of nine
hours at Honolulu," he said, "I was
thoroughly convinced that there is a
general desire among the people of
Hawaii to be annexed to the United
States and be given a territorial govern-
ment. Everything was quiet there then,
and I learned that there is great anxiety
on the part of a majority of the people
to be annexed. Minister Stevens ex-
pressed himself to me as feeling confi-
dent that this is what will be done. From
other sources, however, I found that
the deposed queen and her friends
were much more favorable to the Eng-
lish government."

ALWAYS STAND UP FOR YOUR TOWN.

While we are pleased to notice a
marked revival of local pride and enter-
prise in nearly all the towns and cities of
our State, occasionally we hear a minor
strain. It was ever thus. When the
Jews returned from their Babylonian
captivity and engaged in the work of
rebuilding the temple at Jerusalem, amid
the general rejoicing there were heard
wailing and weeping among the old men,
who, remembering the magnificence of
the former temple, were discouraged at
the poverty of resources for rebuilding
the new.

A similar wail has recently gone up
from a farming town right here in
Kennebec county—the acknowledged
garden spot of Maine—and it has found
expression in the columns of an Oxford
county paper. The writer draws a most
discouraging picture of his town. He
says it is free from debt, but according
to his statement, it is about ready to pay
the last great debt, and he seems to be
making arrangements for the funeral
ceremonies. In the general despair
which he depicts, there are no rifts in
the dark cloud; he can hold out no hope
or comfort. "There is no chance for the
young people on the farm," says this
writing Jeremiah. "A girl who gets \$8
a week in a shoe shop is not going to
marry a farmer." There is general de-
preciation of farm property in his town;
a farm which "stood at \$4000" forty
years ago, is sold for \$1150, and so on to
the end of the dismal chapter.

Now the statements of the gentleman
may be true or false. We don't believe
them, but if they are true they are in
extremely bad taste. It is the very
worst course he could have taken for his
town. We believe the dictates of com-
mon sense should guide every man to
stand up for his town. The man who
has faith in his town, who believes that
it has something of good before it, will
not stand on the corner of the streets
and denounce its institutions, lament the
dull times, belittle its enterprises, decry
its public-spirited and leading citizens,
and find fault generally with what is
going on. He will not discourage the
young man who is desirous of planting a
home, from making investments in the
town, or establishing himself in busi-
ness. He won't look at the future of
his town through the jaundiced eyes of
a chronic loafer and grumbler, or judge
by the standard of a disappointed ambi-
tion. When a man denounces his town
right and left, and threatens to leave it
before another week if he can sell the
little real estate he has in it, the sooner
that man leaves, the better for the town.

Every public improvement is opposed
by these men, whether it be the furnish-
ing of an abundant supply of pure water,
the establishment of manufacturing in-
terests that shall give employment to
thousands of industrious operatives, the
building or repairing of school houses,
and bringing up the schools to a high
standard of instruction and usefulness,
the organization of associations to pro-
mote the moral and material welfare of
the people, all come in for the denuncia-
tion of Mr. Growler. He sees a more
prosperous town beyond his own, always.
Somewhere else is better than here. Let
a citizen of enterprise and brains inaugu-
rate something new to promote business,
and he is doing it for some selfish pur-
pose. This fellow goes out of town to
trade, always, as he thinks by so doing
he can purchase a little cheaper. But if
he happens to own a block of stores in
town, he wants his rent the day it is due.
Instead of investing his surplus money
at home, he sends it off to parties of
whom he never heard before, to sink in
some worthless Western mortgage that
promises large dividends. When a
stranger comes to town with the purpose
of locating, Grumbler lengthens his face,
and if he wants to buy property his atten-
tion is immediately called to the
"enormous taxes," and the "want of enter-
prise" manifested by the people of the
town. He is absolutely selfish and re-
fuses to see the merit of any scheme that
does not directly benefit him. A score
of such men, active in their denuncia-
tions and fault-finding, is enough to re-
tard the growth of any town, if not to
sow the seeds of its absolute decay.

In striking contrast to the above, is
the man who always stands up for his town,
and speaks hopefully of her future. He
makes it the subject of cheerful remarks;
he writes about it the words of hope and
confidence; attractively sets forth its ad-
vantages; sells all he can at his home,
and buys all he can at his town; tries to
invite trade from other places, instead
of sending the people of his town to
other places to trade; takes a personal
interest in all movements tending to de-
velop the resources of his community; whenever
he goes abroad is so proud of his
home that he will leave an impression
in the minds of strangers that there
is no town on the continent like it. He
will see in public improvements some-
thing desirable, though it may add a few
cents to his taxes. Such a man is that
an inspiration and a blessing to the
town. Multiply him by fifty, and you
could no more stem the tide of the
progress of the town, than you could turn
back the resistless waters of the Kenne-
bec in a spring freshet. Success comes
to a community when its people thor-
oughly believe in it, and their works
show their faith. The tramp is an out-
law in every civilized community, and
the grumbler ought to be. The man
who is of any permanent good to the
world is the one who plants himself in
a home, becomes a useful and interested
member of society, is active and public-
spirited, encourages every laudable
enterprise, and sees in his town grand
possibilities for the future. Stand up for
your town.

J. Clark Minot, Bowdoin, '98, who
graduated from the Cony High School
last June, has just been elected a mem-
ber of the editorial board of the Bowdoin
Orient, the fortnightly college paper.

Ricker Classical Institute, Houlton,
has closed its winter term. There has
been this term, the largest attendance
of any term in the history of the school.

A subscriber inquires where he can
sell old postage stamps. He is referred to
the advertisement in our columns of
J. E. Badger.

Eight new sardine factories are being
built in Washington county, and all expect
to be busy packing fish the coming
summer.

THE TAX PROBLEM.

The legislature of '93 has come and
practically gone—surely, so far as tax
legislation is concerned their labors are
at an end. Naturally great interest cen-
tered around the so-called Listing bill,
because this has been the one measure
aimed at municipal taxation. Two years
ago an attempt was made to pass a bill
very much after the Vermont
Listing bill. A strong fight was made,
but the measure was defeated, chiefly
because of opposition among its friends.
That the opposition was induced by
those who now seek special legislative
enactment could accomplish their ends
without flying to the legislature for
relief. Such a measure would save the
State at least twelve thousand dollars
annually. The legislature acceded to the
Governor's recommendation.

It has been decided by the council-
man World Fair sub-committee that the
Liberty Bell, the ringing of which
proclaimed the independence of the thirteen
original States, shall be taken from
Philadelphia to Chicago, leaving the city
April 28th. The bell will be transported
in a special car, and four policemen will
go along as its custodians, and will never
lose sight of their charge while it is in
Chicago. A number of city officials will
go to Chicago at the same time. On the
way stops will be made at all the large
cities on the route, so that their citizens
may have an opportunity of seeing the
bell.

R. E. Lyon, who in the past has been
one of Skowhegan's most public spirited
citizens, died at his home in that place
Wednesday morning, aged 83 years. In
early life he was chief among Maine's
paper manufacturers, and operated mills
in Union, Cumberland Mills and Skow-
hegan, having built the first dam and
erected the first mill at Cumberland
Mills. For many years the paper on
which the *Farmer* was printed was man-
ufactured at Skowhegan by Mr. Lyon.
He always furnished us with good paper,
and we always found him to be an hon-
orable business man. He retired from
the paper business in 1880.

Lucy Stone, the famous Woman's
Suffragist reformer, in one of her recent
printed arguments on a leading publication,
uses this illustration: "In Blue-
hill, Maine, in one street were fourteen
widows, and the only other owner of
a house on that street was an unmar-
ried woman. But they had no vote for those who
would levy taxes on their property and spend
their money. It is time this shameful
discrimination should cease, for credit
to men and justice to women."

It is claimed that while a laborer was
digging a well on the ranch of John J.
Forshee, at Rutherford, Tenn., recently,
the bottom fell out, and the man plunged
headlong into an underground river and
was drowned. His digging implements
were also drawn in. The roaring of the
water as it sunk into the well can be
heard for several miles.

The thirty-fifth annual session of the
Grand Lodge of Good Templars will be
held at Portland, April 5 and 6. Several
prominent members of the order, among
them Dr. Oronhyatwe, R. W. G. Tem-
pler of the world, is expected to be
present during the session, which prom-
ises to be largely attended and very
interesting.

From the Bowker Fertilizer Company
we have a framed photograph of twin
ears of corn raised by Chaffee Bros.,
Oxford, Mass., on Stockbridge Manu-
facture. It forms a beautiful picture.
Each stalk contains two fully developed
ears, and a look at the picture should
be of great encouragement to our farmers
to "go and do likewise."

This week the pay roll of the company
will be over \$100, and it will be
considerably more before it will be less,
as the company now has work enough
in hand to keep its present crew busy
until July, and certain other orders are
practically assured which will necessi-
tate a large increase in the crew.

The men are now cutting the granite
faces and trimming the ornamental
business block on Market Street, New
York city, which takes up the whole
front of the square between Washington
Place and Fourth street.

The Augusta Granite Company re-
ceives for this one job \$42,000, and they
have orders ahead for nearly as much
more to go and do like it.

TEMPTING OFFERS TO COAT OWNERS.

In the Maine State Fair Stokes
this year there are attractions not to be
found elsewhere, in addition to the very
liberal guarantee by the society. Those
who make entries before Saturday night,
April 1, will be in line to win not only
great honors but very valuable stakes
and specials.

The society offers for trotting colts,
one, two, three and four years old, \$400,
\$500, \$600, and \$700, with a total entry
fee of five per cent. in three payments,
the first, \$40, \$50, \$60, and \$70
falls due when stakes close, Saturday,
Apr. 1. Money divided as in races
Colts distancing the field, or any part
thereof, to receive only first money.

Pacing colt stakes for the several ages
close at same time with same payments.

It looks as though all would be accom-
modated this year.

H. W. Hutchins, Auburn, offers for
fastest record by colt, by The Seer, 1-
year-old, \$500, and if State record is
broken, \$100; for fastest record by 2-
year-old, by The Seer, \$500, and if State
record is broken \$100, and for every one
getting a record of 2.30 or better \$200;
for the first get of The Seer, to equal
his 3-year-old record, 2.29, his 4-year-old
record, 2.23, 5-year-old, 2.20, and 6-
year-old 2.19½, in a race \$200, and for
next three obtaining records equal to the
above \$100.

Sunday night Mr. C. C. Hyde of Free-
port came very near losing his life in
Portland. He attempted to board the
Pullman train just as it was drawing out
of the Union Station, and somehow he
missed his footing and fell under the
cars. The wheels grazed the fleshy part
of his forearm, badly bruising it, and
also scarred his face.

Clark's Island Granite Company of
Clark's Island has consolidated with the
Bodwell Granite Company, and John
Blethen of Spruce Head will take charge
of the work there. Spruce Head is a
very busy granite cutting place at pres-
ent, and there is talk of a big building
job.

The stock barns at Mason City, Iowa,
were burned Monday. The famous Storm,
holding the fastest stallion pacing record
of the world, Brown John, Remie, Red Clay
and Edmunds C., perished in the flames.
The losses on horses alone is fully \$100,
000.

Counsel for the Lombard Investment
Co., in Boston, Monday afternoon re-
ceived a letter from James R. Reed,
commissioner of the foreign mortgage
corporations, demanding that the company
do no more business in Massachusetts.

A young woman, who resides on Staten
Island, is said to have kept a hive of
bees in her bedroom during the winter.
She claims that the bees knew her, and
they make the most unobjectionable of
companions.

The American line steamer New York
when running at full speed burns enough
coal in a single day to last a family, us-
ing ten tons a winter for forty-three
years.

A probate office in London has just
finished struggling with the wills of the
Duke of Somerset, of which there were
the remarkable number of 92.

In 1890 we produced 90,000 tons of
paper; in 1890, 1,200,000, or 150,000 tons
more than the total product of European
paper mills.

The Iron Hall is said to be again rak-
ing in funds in Massachusetts and New
Hampshire. The members show an iron
will.

A shower of live fishes fell at Millers-
burg, Ky., during a storm recently.
They measured from one to three inches
in length.

The serial story we are publishing is
interesting, and the writer shows more
than ordinary ability.

We have a fine collection of roses and
pink from the green-houses of Mr. John
Burr of Freeport. Mr. C. K. Partridge
is Mr. Burr's agent in this city and vicinity,
and at his store may always be found
fresh, beautiful and fragrant flowers.

The President sent the following nomi-
nations to the Senate on Tuesday: Geo-
ffrey Dillard of Mississippi, Consul General
at Guayaquil; Ezra W. Miller of South
Dakota, Attorney of the United States
for the District of South Dakota.

The subjects of the debate were as fol-
lows.—Resolved, That Immigration
Should be Restricted to Those Who Can
Read and Write in Their Native
Languages." Principal W. A. Hoyt

PROBATE COURT—KENNEBEC COUNTY.

Items of Maine News.

TRUE, EVERY WORD.

A Realism Terrible in Its Intensity.

A Story which is Without an Equal in The World.

The Exact Facts Told Exactly as They Occurred.

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Poetry.

For the Maine Farmer.

HOMeward Bound.

By J. H. MC LAUGHLIN.

A solemn silence, vast, profound,
Whose settling o'er the miles of space
With a slow, long, quiet draw, draws around
The sea's dark bed, that he may sleep.
Our ship, like some frightened thing,
Is at anchor, and the darkness fills the room;
Her every white and swelling wing
Is strained to bear us swiftly home.

I sit and watch the twinkling stars
Reflected brightly in the sea.
The moon's long line of silver bars
Shines down upon my white hands to me.
While bravely do we go our ship ride,
Her prow all flecked with snowy foam,
And the bright stars are with us now.
Seems singing some sweet song of home.

Lo! I have wandered far through many lands,
Have dwelt beside a tinted sunset sea,
Have felt the pressure soft of dimpled hands—
Whose tender touch could calm sooths.
And where bright mountains, towering, lift
The sun high up with everlasting
snow!
Mid sound of waterfalls, whose flash and flow
Is like the blue and vaulted sky.
I've walked in awe and wonder, bending low
Before the greatest marvels earth can know.

Where mighty Amazon bends down his head
To kiss low banks of brightest emerald green,
And bananas fruits in ruddy ripeness lean,
Out or waters, tinged with gold and red,
I've swung in hammock hung from mango

And heard the mon in the boughs above
Call to his mate, and chater low his love,
While the soft lighting of the tropic pane
Made me think with the dreamy hum of bees,
Would waft a dream of perfect peace and rest
O'er that bright land which God indeed has blessed.

And here I traced the steps of him who sang
The praises of these bright and matchless
islands!

His glowing verse in sweetest music rang
When gladdened Nature wore her brightest

O, Amazon! while white moons shine the sun
As they shone still when the joyous sun
Sinks in the west, his daily journey done,
The tide will echo Joaquin Miller's name.

Through Brazil's burning sands I trod alone;
The fever field was raging madly there;
And thousands, dying, made a dreary moan
That rended the land with anguish and despair.

I turned, heart-sick and weary, from the pain
I was born in that strange and stricken
land,

And so from shores touched by Death's icy
I turned a sad face seaward once again.

* * * * *

You ask me why this wandering to and fro—
This restlessness that holds my heart in thrall.

This gloom that flings its shadow over all
The world, that rises and shines and goes.

You ask in vain: I may not lift the pall
That hides a secret God alone may know!

Onward, onward, still we plough
Through the starry night,
While the rippling round the prow
Now the harbinger of day
Looms above the sea,
And the shadows gray
In wild terror gray.

Fresher now the breezes blow
Greeting to the moon:

Swifter, swifter on we go
For the ocean's sake.

And the sun sets as they rise
Through the lifted foam,
Glorify the Eastern skies—
Dear old skies of home!

Our Story Teller.

For the Maine Farmer.

JANET'S EXCURSION TO BAR HARBOR.

By MRS. E. A. KEENE.

[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER V.

Janet gained rapidly, and one morning showed a strong inclination to talk.

"Where am I—how long have I been here? Is uncle here, and where is Lettie?" she asked.

Max was in the room at the time, and waited breathlessly to know if she would ask for Andrew Lang.

"Don't let her talk any more, mother," he said, eagerly, preferring to remain ignorant a while longer, "she is so weak."

Something in Max's tone caused his mother to speak soothingly to Janet, but she would not be silenced.

"Where am I?" she persisted. "How came I here? please tell me," she pleaded.

There was no resisting that soft voice, and Mrs. H. told her all.

"I couldn't write to anybody," she went on, "for I didn't know who you were, you know. You spoke of Andrew Lang in your delirium, and I wrote to him, but the letter came back."

"Andrew Lang," said Janet, softly, and looked at the broad-shouldered young fellow in the window in a way that made his heart ache; "Andrew Lang can't write. I'll tell you about him tomorrow," and a faint pink stole into her pallid cheek, as she sank down into the soft pillows, and closed her eyes wearily.

"To think," said Max to his brother that night, as they stabled the horse, "that she should love a fellow like that." Why, she said herself that he couldn't read!"

"I am disappointed in our little girl," said Ralph so sadly that Max could not help guessing the secret of his brother's heart.

After supper the two brothers sat on the piazza a long time, but they did not smoke, as they had I should have written about it, for fear of discouraging the habit in boys when we immortalize it in stories? They sat out there and talked quietly of many things. Sunny tempered, confiding Ralph unburdened his heart to his older, more serious brother. Max, ever ready to sympathize with others, never sought sympathy for himself. To-night his heart yearned over his younger brother; perhaps it was because he, too, felt some of the bitterness in his own breast. Max was not selfish. Who was this vile Andrew Lang who stood between Ralph and his hope of winning the girl he had brought home and tooted? Max felt a sudden fitness tugging at his usually gentle heart.

As Janet grew stronger, and able to sit up, she frequently asked for her umbrella and Lettie; but no reply came to the letters sent.

One day as she sat by the window looking out at the gorgeous coloring of the October woodlands, and Max stood near, paring her an apple, Mrs. H. turned towards them and said, "Janet, who is Andrew Lang?"

Max turned away to place the paring on the table, but failed to hide his look of distress. Janet opened her gray eyes to their fullest extent, and fixed them in wonder on the plump, rosy-cheeked matron bending over her chair.

"Andrew Lang?" she said, innocently, "why, he's my Brahma rooster. I have such a foolish fancy for naming everything, but I was so lonely, and the farm animals were my only friends," she went on apologetically, with a little quaver in her voice which did not escape Max.

Mrs. H. burst out in an uncontrollable fit of laughter. "I see the comic side of her much," she said, "but I'm getting toward the motionless figure near the table, 'does the same things himself; but why did you call him Andrew Lang?'

"Oh!" said Janet, "Uncle had a hired man by that name the summer my chickens were hatched, and my big Brahma walks off with the same pompous, self-sufficient air as he did, and so I named him Andrew. Uncle hates my fowl; he says they eat more than the others, and he won't have a low roost for them. I had to put Andrew to roost every night—he is almost as big as I am, but he keeps just as still, and don't kick

while I boost him up. He can get down himself for he can jump, and always comes round under my window in the morning, and crows to let me know he's up. Poor fellow," she said with a sigh, "I wonder if he will have to go hungry now?" Uncle said that every hen was going to earn her own living. Fancy Andrew hunting grasshoppers! He'd have to get down on his knees to see them. I know I'm childish and so simple, but I have been so much alone," she said, with a sigh that went straight to mother Mrs. Heyward's heart.

"Poor child," said that tender woman, bending down and kissing the upturned face, so thin and pathetic. "What are you doing to that apple? He's cut it up to sheep fodder. Go and get another," and before Janet could protest he was gone, his face white and troubled.

Ralph was in great glee over the affair, and teased his mother most unmercifully. After this Max kept to his own corner and read his papers diligently. The work out of doors took him away now most of the time. The harvest was nearly ended, the crops were gathered and housed, and the apples were nearly harvested.

Janet grew uneasy day by day. "I ought not to stay here," she said; "I have intruded upon their kindness long enough. But it was such a happy home the lonely child dreaded to leave it and go back to the dreary life of old. Mrs. Heyward would not hear of it. "You must stay with me this winter, anyhow. I can't spare you, I love you so well, my dear little girl," she would say; and Janet, wounded by her uncle's silence, kept staying.

She knew that Mrs. H. really wanted her to stay, and that the silence that followed was pleased, too, but Mrs. Heyward studiously avoided her. What had she said or done that he should be so odd? When he could not help seeing her, he always smiled pleasantly and was kind, but it did not happen often.

She asked his mother one night whether they were alone, if she had slighted Max that he should be so shy; but the good woman said, "Oh! no indeed, my dear son, it is not the way of the world to be a brash woman, and she controlled herself. "Yes, dear boy, if you wanted to go."

"I do," he said quietly, and shut his full affectionate lips firmly.

"Where will you go, my son?"

"Into the woods, mother," he said bravely.

"Max! that is too much. How can you want to go into such a rough crew, and so far away from home?" she cried in anguish of soul.

"I want to go somewhere, mother, and that is the only thing."

"Max, Max, what has come over you to want to go away from your poor old mother," she moaned, taking his head in her arms, and kissing his quivering lips.

"O mother darling! do you mean to ask?" he said brokenly, and gently unclasping her arms he left the room.

Mrs. H. was petrified and dumb with astonishment. Could that be Max, who had left her. There was no mistaking a woman in his life was in love with Janet!

"Oh what a fool I have been!" she sobbed, sinking down upon the floor, and burying her face in the cushions of her chair. I might have known it.

Janet, Janet, my darling! don't let me go, but I must let him go," he said brokenly, and gently unclasping her arms he left the room.

Ralph now came from town without troubling her something. He never went away without a cheery good bye and a smile. He read to her evenings and played games with her while Max devoted himself to his mother. Occasionally, all would join in some game, and then Max would make himself agreeable.

"Miss Janet," said Ralph one pleasant Sabbath morning, "are you able to go for a ride? The roads are smooth and hard, and it's very pleasant."

"Oh! what a splendid horse," cried Janet as Max lifted her into the carriage, Ralph going to the stable for a warmer blanket. "He looks just like my own Bill Douglas," went on Janet, her eyes fixed upon the sun-like coat of the magnificent creature. "Where did you get him?"

Max's dark eyes lit up with pleasure. What man does not like to have his horse admired!

"I bought him over at the fair in Lewiston last fall," he said, patting the broad hip of his favorite caressingly.

"How old do you think he is?" She went on eagerly.

"Just five."

"Mine was three when uncle sold him, and that was two years ago this fall."

"His fifteen and a half hands high," said Max, and weighs about one thousand and fifty pounds."

"Max! Janet forgetting herself in her excitement. "Won't you see if there is a wart on his neck, just under his mane?"

"There was," said Max, a happy light shining in his eyes, "but I took it off this summer."

"I could see his eyes, I know I could tell, he had such pleasant brown eyes, so full and bright." Max lifted her from the carriage, and held her in his arms while she looked into the face of her long lost pet.

Yess; it was Douglas! The great soft eyes, unblinking with blinder, were turned upon her, and she licked her hand around his arching neck, and whispered words of love in his long, sensitive ears, then turning to Max she said, "I am so glad he has found a good home, and a kind master. Won't you please always keep him?" she said softly.

"I shall keep him until one of us dies," he said, almost reverently. "It is an easy promise to make for many reasons."

"Making love to that horse?" said Ralph throwing down his blankets and shawls. "Glad it aint the master," he went on again. "Don't care, Ralph," said Max in answer, and he hurried past Janet in the carriage again.

"You should see Bonny Bess, my chestnut," said Ralph determined to plague his brother, "four white feet, and such a mane," he went on. "Take the road right away from this fellow," waving his hand towards the black.

"Let me persuade him not to go," said Janet, willing to do anything to allay this dear woman's grief. "Oh! do let me coax him not to go," she cried in despair.

"Oh!" said Janet, her own heart sinking.

"I dare not coax him not to go?"

"Let me persuade him not to go," said Janet, willing to do anything to allay this dear woman's grief. "Oh! do let me coax him not to go," she cried in despair.

"Sho! I'll leave it to Janet when she has tried them both," Ralph said, as he tucked the robe carefully about her. This way is only used on great occasions, and it is not worth the trouble to wash the honor of holding the line after him. This is Max's sweetheart, and he has paid you an overwhelming honor to let you ride after him. Why didn't he bring himself as they rolled swiftly over the hard road. She was puzzled, but Ralph was so gay and full of spirits that she soon caught his mood and her heart was light with happiness.

There were many rides after that, sometimes behind the chestnut, sometimes behind Max's black pet, but always with Ralph.

As Janet grew stronger, she went to work with great energy, and castles that good woman built, as she baked and churned and mended the clothes. Everything was full of her prayers for Janet's presence in that sweet country home.

One day as Janet was busy at the ironing table, a rap came at the kitchen door, and as Mrs. H. was absent, Janet opened it herself. Imagine her surprise to find her mother standing in the doorway.

Poor Lettie, she fell on her long-sought mother with a burst of tears. She had but a short time to stay, as she had run away from her home to seek out her much beloved Lettie.

As Janet grew stronger, and able to sit up, she frequently asked for her umbrella and Lettie; but no reply came to the letters sent.

One day as she sat by the window looking out at the gorgeous coloring of the October woodlands, and Max stood near, paring her an apple, Mrs. H. turned towards them and said, "Janet, who is Andrew Lang?"

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and then perhaps some of her dreams might come true.

CHAPTER IV.

One night some weeks later, when Ralph and Janet had gone to a concert at the village, Janet drew his chair at the mother's side, and began toying uneasily with her ball of yarn. He had refused to go with down on his knees to see them. I know I'm childish and so simple, but I have been so much alone," she said, with a sigh that went straight to mother Mrs. Heyward's heart.

"Poor child," said that tender woman, bending down and kissing the upturned face, so thin and pathetic. "What are you doing to that apple? He's cut it up to sheep fodder. Go and get another," and before Janet could protest he was gone, his face white and troubled.

Ralph was in great glee over the affair, and teased his mother most unmercifully. After this Max kept to his own corner and read his papers diligently. The work out of doors took him away now most of the time. The harvest was nearly ended, the crops were gathered and housed, and the apples were nearly harvested.

Ralph with his laughing blue eyes and hairy hair was like her people, but Max was the image of his long dead father. His work out of doors took him away now most of the time. The harvest was nearly ended, the crops were gathered and housed, and the apples were nearly harvested.

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Horse Department.

The best horse of the future will not, as a rule, be descended from premature, but mature wonders.

Stallion fees for the best horses have been reduced so that they are within the reach of every man owning a brood mare worth using.

Mystic Park was treated to 3000 loads of oats last fall, besides large quantities of manure. It is such thorough work as this that pays.

If you will breed just for the fun of the thing, and not for business, use the cheapest stallions in the county, and see in advance that the foal will not pay for raising.

Trotting races were given last year on 116 tracks in New York, 115 in Ohio, 101 in Iowa, 73 in Michigan, 70 in Pennsylvania and 57 in Maine; this State ranking sixth in the list. If this is an indication of a decline in the business we fail to read the signs aright. The coming year several tracks will be added.

Among the catalogues of '93 none are more attractive in appearance or readable in contents than that sent out by Mr. H. Wesley Hutchins, Auburn, owner of The Seer and Sidnuit, two grand horses.

Mr. G. M. Hatch who compiled the work is to be congratulated, as is Mr. Hutchins, on the quality as well as great success attending his efforts in breeding choice horses. Lovers of the horse will do well to send for a copy of this annual catalogue.

Again we call the attention of horsemen of all breeds of trotting and pacing colts to the grand offers made by the State Agricultural Society; offers which have never been equalled in New England for any State Stakes, and which close Saturday of this week April 1st. Be sure your colts are entered before it is too late. The conditions are all favourable and the regular race-rules of the society will govern, so that a cold distancing the field will receive only first money. This protects the great majority against some phenomenal performer. A large list is promised and should be sent in your entries.

What is needed in Maine more than all else to promote the trotting horse breeding interests, is skillful, trustworthy, cool-headed trainers and drivers. Hardly a day but there is a call for such a man, and the supply is entirely inadequate. Early training is absolutely necessary for complete development, but that training must not be carried too far. To take a colt and keep it at all times within itself, educate it to know its reserve power, and be ready to use it when called upon—train it to trot or pace, and stop training before any injury is done, or before the colt tires of the exercise, requires peculiar faculties. Coupled with these there is called for that honesty of purpose and willingness of service which will at all times best promote the interests of the owner and breeder. Tried, true men are wanted, and to such there will be paid generous salaries with steady employment assured. Where are men at liberty wishing for such positions?

All but two of the colt foals of 1891 at the Allen farm have been gelded. The trouble with too many of the breeders of Maine is that every colt has been kept entire. Out of a field of forty to sixty in some classes at the State fairs last year, only one or two geldings would be found. No wonder there is stagnation in the business resulting from the multiplication of colts in many cases from these immature sizes. No wonder buyers find it impossible to procure what they want when none of the colts are gelded. If the horsemen of Maine really desire to see the industry flourish they will send to the knife ninety-nine per cent. of the colts.

The State is well supplied with stallions, and there is no immediate prospect of an increase being necessary, so that the present is a good time to apply radical treatment, after the example set by the leading stock farm of New England. Nothing short of this will suffice. Let the work be done thoroughly, and a class of geldings will soon be ready for the market, and at satisfactory prices, while the breeding of 1893 will be upon a higher plane than last year. The best interests of the industry demand that something of this kind be done, and that, too, right early.

We have been requested repeatedly to publish a table showing the distance covered per second by a horse when going at speeds varying from a 2.00 to a 2.30 gait. The following is believed to be a substantially correct compilation of the figures desired:

WESTLAND.

In this issue we present our readers with a fine illustration of one of the leading Maine stallions, bred at Sunnyside Farm, and now owned by Mr. J. F. Barrett, Deering.

Mr. Barrett commenced his breeding operations on Fair View Farm, Summer, placing at the head the bay stallion Artemus, Jr., by Artemus, dam Kendra by Independent Dick. Adding the Hart Farm in Deering, the purchase was made of Col. West 4208, by the great Egbert, dam Lida Patchen, by Mambrino Patchen. With him, Mr. Barrett was fortunate enough to secure the subject of our illustration, Westland 4650, record 2.2934.

No class of horses ever were produced combining more of the essentials for which the public is crying to-day than the Mambrino Patchens. They have size, style, good dispositions, action, courage and speed in a remarkable degree. From his dam, Knox Girl, by Gen. Knox, out of Gretchen, the dam of Nelson, Westland receives an infusion of blood which insures added value to the individual, and should render him, as he has been, a popular sire of high class drivers and winning race horses.

Every link in Westland's chain of inheritance is producing blood, and the combination one of the best known today. As an individual, he is a seal brown, standing 15-3, and weighing 1100 lbs.

While his pedigree is marked with extreme speed, his dam and granddam having each produced a 2.20 performer, and his grandsons ranking one of the greatest sires of the country, it is rather because of the combination of desirable traits centering in him, and which go to make up the ideal horse of to-day, that he is to be especially commended.

In his four-year-old form, he proved his staying qualities, when, after a very heavy season in the stud, he fought out a seven heat race trotted in 2.33½ and 2.34½, and that, too, on the day following a race won by him in 2.31½. His sire, Col. West, is one of the handsomest

of writers—who are successful on paper only in breeding the trotter—between a racehorse and a horse or a family that may possibly figure prominently in theoretical tables. What an infallible influence the old-time table once had, and how its glory has departed. It was apparently not understood that a "table" could be manufactured to order that would prove anything, but of late the public appreciates the fact that too often are they made purely in the interest of special pleading by men who have an axe to grind, while the confounding victims turn the crank that revolves the grindstone.

The day has gone by for long articles of the school-boy variety, containing statistics and pedigrees of animals away back to Messenger, that may be represented in the breeding of some particular horse, and the gist of which when simmered down is only what almost every child in the land is familiar with. The published race summaries and the Year Book have blunted the point of such compositions, which serve to tickle the vanity of some breeder or owner instead of educating a public that is now educated. It reminds one of a college professor reading over the alphabet. The question now is what family is a racehorse family; what horse is a racehorse himself and the size of racehorses as well?—Exchange.

The following from the *Spirit of the Times* is worthy a careful reading by every man who breeds a colt: "A turf writer is very sure that the successful breeder of the future will pay the greatest attention to demonstrated speed in the selection of matings to constitute the most desirable attraction for the sale market."

Some causes of colic.

In some stables, says a writer in an English exchange, the horses are often troubled with colic, while others seem to enjoy complete immunity. It would be most remarkable if one man should have the ill luck to get quite a number of horses that are what he calls "subject to gripes," while his neighbors escaped the purchase of these colicky animals, but this is how he seems to regard it.

Sometimes it is very difficult to point exactly to the fault. The animals are fed on ordinary foods, and the general management seems to be much the same as that usually in the district. The loose screw is commonly a small one, but it is important in its bearings in the efficient working of the whole machine.

There is one important item that is very often ignored in searching out a cause for repeated attacks of colic—that of the watering. This is a frequent and often unsuspected source of bowel disorders in the horse.

An insufficient quantity offered at long intervals, or when the stomach is full of corn, very often causes colic, while the quantity of the fluid has an undoubted influence.

Water should either be given before the corn ration, when it is not long retained in the stomach, but passes rapidly into the intestines, or else kept at hand so the horse can drink at will. Water taken on a full meal dilutes the gastric juice, chills the stomach, and retards digestion, or washes partly digested corn out of the stomach into the bowels.

The safest plan is to keep a supply of clean, soft water within reach of the animal, but in a position where food does not fall into it, causing fermentation to take place, unless the trough is always emptied and cleaned out.

The radical change which has taken place in the public conception of the poultry question is plainly manifest in the manner of conducting our journals devoted to this single industry. The thought uppermost is not furs and feathers but rapid growth and heavy production. Among the many journals, those few which cling the closest to the public needs are the ones which receive the largest patronage. The *Farm Poultry*, edited by A. F. Hunter, and the *Poultry Keeper*, by P. H. Jacobs, are so intensely practical that a casual reader might suspect that neither attached great importance to blood, while the fact is that both rest entirely on its power and worth.

Fortunately for the industry the day has come when its friends rest their claim upon performance and are ready to demonstrate its supreme importance. Non-essentials are relegated to their proper place and essentials are magnified. The number of toes, or points on the comb are put behind the egg record and the scales. While the legitimate effect of this teaching will be to break in upon the unity of sentiment regarding these points, it will bring to the front and develop greater uniformity in size, shape, rapidity of growth and production. In this way there will be a gradual modification of the standard to meet these broader demands, and purity of blood is still to be had.

The safest plan is to keep a supply of clean, soft water within reach of the animal, but in a position where food does not fall into it, causing fermentation to take place, unless the trough is always emptied and cleaned out.

Who are puny, pale, weak, or scrofulous, ought to take Doctor Goldring's Golden Mixture of Mineral Discovery. That builds up both their flesh and their strength. For this, and for purifying the blood, and for all medicine that can equal the "Discovery."

In recovering from "Gripe," or in convalescence from pulmonary fevers, and other vigorous wasting diseases, it supplies and sustains energy, and builds up the whole system.

As an appetizing, restorative tonic, it sets at work all the processes of digestion and nutrition, causes every organ into natural action, and brings back the lost strength.

For blanks send to the Secretary, G. M. TWITCHELL, Augusta, Me. P. S. See Trotting Stakes in this paper.

THE RECORD BROKEN.

Guaranteed stakes, Maine State Fair, 1893.

STAKE BROOKO.

To be tried at the 1892 half-mile race, 5, 6, 7, 8, \$10,000.

For stakes 1892, \$4,00, second, \$3,00, third, \$1,12, \$1,000.

For stakes 1891, \$4,00, second, \$3,000, third, \$1,12, \$1,000.

For stakes 1890, \$4,00, second, \$3,000, third, \$1,12, \$1,000.

For stakes 1889, \$4,00, second, \$3,000, third, \$1,12, \$1,000.

For stakes 1888, \$4,00, second, \$3,000, third, \$1,12, \$1,000.

For stakes 1887, \$4,00, second, \$3,000, third, \$1,12, \$1,000.

For stakes 1886, \$4,00, second, \$3,000, third, \$1,12, \$1,000.

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For stakes 1841, \$4,00, second, \$3,000, third, \$1,12, \$1,000.</

THE FACT

That AYER'S Sarsaparilla cures others of Scrofulous Diseases, Eruptions, Boils, Eczema, Liver and Kidney Diseases, Dyspepsia, Rheumatism, and Catarrh should be convincing that the same course of treatment WILL CURE YOU. All that has been said of the wonderful cures effected by the use of

AYER'S Sarsaparilla

during the past 50 years, truthfully applies to-day. It is, in every sense, The Superior Medicine. Its curative properties, strength, effect, and flavor are always the same; and for whatever blood diseases AYER'S Sarsaparilla is taken, they yield to this treatment. When you ask for

AYER'S Sarsaparilla

don't be induced to purchase any of the worthless substitutes which are mostly mixtures of the cheapest ingredients, contain no sarsaparilla, have no uniform standard of appearance, flavor, or effect, are blood-purifiers in name only, and are offered to you because there is more profit in selling them. Take

AYER'S Sarsaparilla

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all Druggists; Price \$1; six bottles, \$4. Cures others, will cure you



CURE

Sick Headache and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious system such as Distress, Nausea, Drowsiness, Distress after eating, Pain in the Side, &c. While their most remarkable success has been shown curing

SICK

Headache, yet Carter's Little Liver Pill are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while the constant action of the stomach stimulates the liver and regulates the bowels. Even if they only cured

HEAD

Aches they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint, but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find them to be a great blessing in many ways that they will not be willing to do without. But even all sick head

ACHE

is the bane of many lives that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure 2 white others do not.

Carter's Little Liver Pill are very small and easily swallowed. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not grip or purge, but by their gentle action please the whole system.

Massachusetts men were present. The testimony was a certificate of deposit for the handsome sum of \$15,000.

The New York Herald's Valparaiso correspondent says: Gen. Saravia's defeat by government troops near Allegretto Rio Grande Do Sul, Thursday, was a greater blow to the Brazilian revolutionists than was at first thought. Advices from Rivera says Gen. Saravia was not only badly beaten but that 3,000 of his men were made prisoners. At Loogootos the three-story flour mill was wrecked, and a part of the debris was thrown into the Central Hotel. The Catholic church and another hotel were also partly damaged. At Evora the town at the end of the southern Indiana Insane Asylum was damaged, and the suburban railway depot was blown down. At McCordville the farmhouse of Jas. McCord was blown to pieces and Mrs. McCord fatally injured. On the same night a cyclone of death and devastation swept over Tennessee. Half of the big State penitentiary, which covers 80 acres of ground, was torn to pieces, entailing enormous loss. The convicts, 500 in number, had just moved out of the mess hall when the building collapsed. There was also great devastation of property in Kentucky and Mississippi.

A cyclone visited Indiana, Thursday evening, and left devastation and suffering in its track. Fifty houses were wrecked in the northwestern portion of Indianapolis. Many families were rendered temporarily homeless. At Tuxedo, a suburb, many houses were wrecked and several were completely destroyed. Many citizens were killed during the night, and their homes have been obstructed rising rapidly. Great suffering prevails in Cauca, usually the most flourishing department of Colombia. Many people are starving, owing to the failure of the crops, and this new and unexpected calamity has added greatly to the general wretchedness.

For the fourth time the Montreal Daily Herald has been burned out. It occupied offices in the old Zion church building. The second floor was occupied by the Bennoch and Lithographing Company, and Southern and Carey, printers. The building was consumed.

It is expected to start there and push the organization among all negroes of the South and West.

The special committee of the City Council of Boston has arranged for an autopsy of Bishop Broderick by Dr. Samuel Eliot to take place at Music Hall on the evening of April 11. The eulogy on the late James G. Blaine by Senator Frye of Maine, will be at Music Hall on the evening of May 2d. Rev. Dr. E. B. Webb, Mr. Blaine's pastor, will be chaplain of the occasion.

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